

Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you  
 And at the bankes of Ahly meete us with  
 The forces you can raise, where we shall finde  
 The moytie of a number, for a busines,  
 More bigger look't; since that our Theame is haste  
 I stamp this kisse upon thy currant lippe,  
 Sweete keepe it as my Token; Set you forward  
 For I will see you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*  
 Farewell my beauteous Sister: *Pirithous*  
 Keepe the feast full, bate not an houre on't.

*Pirithous.* Sir

He follow you at heeles; The Feasts solemnity  
 Shall want till your returne.

*Thes.* Cosen I charge you

Bodge not from Athens; We shall be returning  
 Ere you can end this Feast; of which I pray you  
 Make no abatement; once more farewell all.

1. *Qu.* Thus do'st thou still make good the tongue o'th

2. *Qu.* And earnest a Deity equal with Mars, (world.

3. *Qu.* If not above him, for  
 Thou being but mortall make'st affections bend  
 To Godlike honours; they themselves some say  
 Grone under such a Mastry.

*Thes.* As we are men

Thus should we doe, being sensually subdude  
 We loose our humane tytle; good cheere Ladies. *Floris.*  
 Now turne we towards your Comforts. *Exeunt.*

*Scena 2. Enter Palamon, and Arcite.*

*Arcite.* Deere *Palamon*, deerer in love then Blood  
 And our prime Cosen, yet unhardned in  
 The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the Citty  
 Thebes, and the temprings in't, before we further  
 Sully our glosse of youth,  
 And here to keepe in abstinence we shame  
 As in Incontinence; for not to swim  
 I'th aide o'th Current, were almost to sincke.

*Ac*

At least to frustrate striving, and to fellow  
 The common Streame, twold bring us to an Edy  
 Where we should turne or drowne; if labour through,  
 Our gaine but life, and weakenes.

*Pal.* Your advice

Is cride up with example; what strange ruins  
 Since first we went to Schoole, may we perceive  
 Walking in Thebs? Skars, and bare weedes  
 The gaine o'th Martialist, who did propound  
 To his bold ends, honour, and golden Ingots,  
 Which though he won, he had rot, and now flurled  
 By peace for whom he fought, who then shall offer  
 To *Mars* so scorn'd *Alas*? I doe bleede  
 When such I meete, and with great *Inne* would  
 Resume her ancient fit of *Telonzie*  
 To get the Soldier worke, that peace might purge  
 For her repletion, and retaine anew  
 Her charitable heart now hard, and harsher  
 Then strife, or war could be.

*Arcite.* Are you not out?

Meete you no ruine, but the Soldier in  
 The Cranckes, and turnes of Thebs? you did begin  
 As if you met decays of many kindes:  
 Perceive you none, that doe arouse your pitty  
 But th'un-considerd Soldier?

*Pal.* Yes, I pitty

Decays where ere I finde them, but such most  
 That sweating in an honourable Toyle  
 Are paid with yce to coole'em.

*Arcite.* Tis not this

I did begin to speake of: This is vertue  
 Of no respect in Thebs, I spake of Thebs  
 How dangerous if we will keepe our Honours,  
 It is for our refyding, where every evill  
 Hath a good cullor; where eve'ry seeming good's  
 A certaine evill, where not to be ev'n lumpe  
 As they are, here were to be strangers, and  
 Such things to be meere Monsters.

*C*

*Pal.*